

# **Rebel with a Cause**

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## Rebel with a Cause by Nearchild

**Category:** IT (2017), IT - Stephen King

**Genre:** M/M, Sad boi, Swearing

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Beverly Marsh, Eddie Kaspbrak, Richie Tozier

**Relationships:** Eddie Kaspbrak/Richie Tozier

**Status:** Completed

**Published:** 2017-10-05

**Updated:** 2017-10-05

**Packaged:** 2020-01-24 17:51:52

**Rating:** Not Rated

**Warnings:** No Archive Warnings Apply

**Chapters:** 1

**Words:** 1,714

**Publisher:** archiveofourown.org

**Summary:**

After finding out that his mother had been lying to him all his life Eddie starts to break out of his shell. Slowly but surely taking his independence, with each step getting closer to finding out who he is.

(This is based of a Head Cannon I had and I plan on posting multiple one shots about Eddie Rebeling. There will be some continuation from chapter to chapter but mostly it'll feel like a collection of One shots)

## Rebel with a Cause

### Author's Note:

In so many movies, when the main characters go through a drastic life event they dye their hair or cut it. Eddie is going through a major change and with the help of Bev and Richie (Mostly Bev) he decides to make a change to who looks back at him in a mirror (Disclaimer: I do not own these character or the Story of It)

Eddie paced around the room back and forth, going between states of pure rage and utter despair. After the fight with Pennywise he had told the Losers that his mom had been lying to him his whole life. That his medication were all gazebos (Ben tried to tell him they were called placebos but he was too mad to listen) and that he had never actually been a sickly kid.

"I-I-I JUST CANT BELIEVE SHE WOULD LIE LIKE THAT TO ME!" Eddie screamed in a fit of rage turning toward Beverly and Richie, then went back to pacing. They had gone back to Richie's house because they knew his parents wouldn't bother them and Bev wasn't quite ready to go back to her empty home. "Like, she's, she's, my mom ya know." He turned back towards Richie and Bev, tears starting to roll down his face, clinging tightly together in thick quiet streams. "She is supposed t-t-to love me. To help me gro-grow," He choked back a sob trying to at least get the words out from the open vent that his mind had turned into. "and help me learn, not lie to me." At the last word he managed before he fell to his knees, hitting the carpeted ground so hard that Richie was sure he would bruise.

"Eds, come on it's okay, it's okay, we're here for you." Richie ran over to Eddie and took him in his arms, slowly stroking the back of his head trying to find a way to soothe the pain out of him.

"D-DON'T FUCKING CALL ME T-THAT!" Eddie choked out in between sobs, tears now rolling off his face and onto Richie's annoyingly bright shirt.

“Eddie.” Bev said in a soft tone, trying to get Eddie to come out of his blinding sadness, and into a more emotionally stable sad. “Eddie, look at me.”

“W-What?” Eddie asked his voice coming back to a normal level but his eyes still acting like a broken dam.

“How about instead of crying we do something that she would hate? Not like a permanent thing but just something to rebel a little?” Beverly knew that doing something stupid always helped her feel a little better and thought it might help in this situation. Based off of Eddie’s head perking up and the river of tears turning into more of a stream of tears it was working.

“Like what?” Eddie’s asked. Voice still sad, but the sobbing has stopped which was a good thing.

“Well, Eddie Spaghetti, you could smoke with us?” Richie smiled at the boy, thinking his suggestion was a good one but Eddie just continued to frown at him.

“How about we start smaller, dumbass? Less lung damage and more change.” Bev already had an idea in mind, and it wasn’t to cause Eddie to have an anxiety attack about smoking. She knew that the sicknesses his mom had told him were fake but those attacks that fucked his breathing were real enough.

“Yea, I don’t think I would do well smoking.” Eddie gave a slight smile, not a big one, and he hadn’t stopped crying, but he had a small smile and that gave Richie hope.

“Well how about we dye your hair?” Bev thought that with Eddie’s openness to his more feminine side that this would be a good place for him to start rebelling. Plus she knew of Richie’s huge crush on Eddie and thought that this would drive him insane and that she could tease him about it.

“Dye my hair?”

“YEA THAT WOULD BE AWESOME!” Richie’s very minimal filter had slipped, just for a second, but long enough that his crush was

showing. And his sudden outburst had caused Eddie to gape at him in confusion. "I-I mean, that so, so, so..."

"It would be awesome, we could dye it whatever color you wanted, and if you don't wanna dye the whole thing we could just do a strip." Bev smiled at Richie who was turning a whole new shade of red under his coke bottle glasses. "How about it?"

"I've always kinda wanted to have lighter hair, not like bleached, but like dirty blond, maybe? Or, maybe red hair?" Eddie was talking like his normal self again, eyes still puffy and red, nose still running, but his tears had stopped and his tone was normal. He was still in Richie's arms though and neither would dare to move.

"You would look so cute as a red head Eds. Like a male Molly Ringwald." Richie smiled at him and squeezed him into a tight hug.

"Ri...chie...ease...up....can't...breathe."

"Oh, sorry Eds." Richie eased the tension in his arms but did not fully let go, not missing Eddie letting the name slip, or telling him to get off.

"Red, got it. I can do that. I have dyed my own hair a few times and like to think I am pretty good at it. I will go buy the dye. I will be back in 20 minutes tops you guys stay right the fuck here. Don't. Move." Bev commanded before running out the room to grab her bike and the dye as fast as possible.

Move they did not. In fact, they laid there, Richie holding Eddie, for so long that Eddie was surprised their muscles didn't atrophy. Eddie began to sink further into Richie's chest his head feeling heavy from the tears. His eyes were closed and his breathing was steady but Richie couldn't tell if he was asleep or not. It didn't really matter either way, but as Richie sat there staring at Eddie he couldn't help but fall deeper and deeper into the well of love that had been building their whole childhood. Eddie shifted around against Richie nuzzling against Richie with his face, mumbling something under his breath.

"What was that Ed's?"

"I said, I love you Bitchy." Richie blinked as his eyes widened.

"Dontcha mean Richie, Eds?" Eddie shifted again this time looking up and planting a kiss on Richie's cheek.

"Nope." He smiled then went back to having his head against Richie's chest. They laid there for a while, eventually moving to the bed where they could be more comfortable, never did they once leave each other's side though.

When Beverly returned she opened the door to find both boys laying in the bed, their limbs all tangled and Eddie's head resting on Richie's chest as it would rise and fall. Both were asleep and they looked so at peace that Bev didn't want to wake them, but she had spent 20 dollars on two things of this shitty dye and they were going to fucking use it.

"Sorry love birds, but I need ya to get up so we can turn this small sad brunette boy into a small sad red head boy." Beverly smiled, as she walked over and shook them awake. Richie's eyes shot open and he glared at Bev giving her the finger for ruining the moment.

"Okay, Bev I am getting up." Eddie rubbed his eyes which were still red, and probably would be for another hour after all that crying. "How do we do this?"

"You will do nothing, my darling boy. Mama Bev will handle it all for you." She leaned down to plant a kiss on his cheek and took him by the hand. She dragged him towards the bathroom where they spent the next 45 minutes. Eddie sitting on the toilet seat complaining about all the germs while Bev put the dye in his hair and waited to wash it out.

"Okay times up, Richie take the child's head and put it under the sink."

"Yes Madam." Richie took Eddie by the hand and led him to the sink to wash the dye out.

"Now Eddie, your hair is pretty dark so we probably have to do this twice but lucky for us I love you and bought two box dyes for just

this purpose.” Eddie lifted his head from the sink and looked at Bev. His hair still wet and matted from washing the dye out of it.

“Thanks Bev.” Eddie gave her a grin from ear to ear which meant the dye therapy was proving to be effective. “I’m just gonna dry off then we can decide what to do.”

“I can promise you’ll look fucking adorable no matter what color your hair is Eds”

“Don’t call me that Trashmouth.” Eddie pleaded, but couldn’t turn away fast enough to hide his blush. He grabbed a towel off the rack and ruffled his hair.

“Here let me Spaghetti.” Richie took the towel from him and started rubbing it back and forth on his head.

“Uhhh thanks...” When Richie was done drying off Eddie’s hair for him he couldn’t help but admire the dark red color that was now Eddie’s hair.

“Oh wow! Your hair looks great, Eds!” If Richie hadn’t been in love with Eddie before he certainly was now. The boy’s dark brown hair had turned into a deep shade of auburn red. The hair fell on his face in all the right ways and the red played against his sun kissed skin like tree leaves in autumn breaking up the sunlight.

“Really?!? You think so?” He turned to the mirror styling it back and forth then looked back at Richie and Bev.

“Yea, you look totally adorable. I’m sure that hair will make someone fall for our little Eddie.” Bev smiled at the smaller boy and gave him a hug. Then turned to Richie and gave him a very sly smile of all knowing. “Well I am actually gonna go to Bill’s and...hang out. See ya boys.” She gave them both a kiss on the cheek then turned and walked out the room.

“Well what do you want to do Richie?”

“We could just lay down and watch Tv, I don’t think my parents are

coming home till late.” Richie gave a sad smile before taking Eddie’s hand and leading them downstairs. He wanted to tell Eddie how cute he looked with his hair, he wanted to tell him how much he wanted to kiss him, and hold him, but for now he would take the unquestioning cuddling and tell him later.